

Home

by

Edgar A Guest



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A.M.B.

Edgar Guest

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Gift Books

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Mother

Friends

Home

HOME



by

Edgar A. Guest

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Home

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer
mind.

It don't make any difference how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer
luxury;

It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round every-
thing.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a
minute;

Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;



Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and
then

Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good,
an' men;

And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer
heart:

The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes
they wore

Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumbmarks
on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an'
sigh

An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death
is nigh;

An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel
come,

An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet
voice dumb.



Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer
tears are dried,

Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from
these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp
an' play,

An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each
day;

Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by
year

Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin'
sun;

Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t'
dome:

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.



Take Home a Smile

Take home a smile; forget the petty cares,
The dull, grim grind of all the day's affairs;
The day is done, come be yourself awhile:
To-night, to those who wait, take home a smile.

Take home a smile; don't scatter grief and gloom
Where laughter and light hearts should always bloom;
What though you've traveled many a dusty mile,
Footsore and weary, still take home a smile.

Take home a smile—it is not much to do,
But much it means to them who wait for you;
You can be brave for such a little while;
The day of doubt is done—take home a smile.



The Joys of Home

Curling smoke from a chimney low,
And only a few more steps to go,
Faces pressed at a window pane
Watching for someone to come again,
And I am the someone they wait to see—
These are the joys life gives to me.

What has my neighbor excelling this:
A good wife's love and a baby's kiss?
What if his chimneys tower higher?
Peace is found at our humble fire.
What if his silver and gold are more?
Rest is ours when the day is o'er.

Strive for fortune and slave for fame,
You find that joy always stays the same:



Rich man and poor man dream and pray
For a home where laughter shall ever stay,
And the wheels go round and men spend their might
For the few glad hours they may claim at night.

Home, where the kettle shall gaily sing,
Is all that matters with serf or king;
Gold and silver and laureled fame
Are only sweet when the hearth's aflame
With a cheerful fire, and the loved ones there
Are unafraid of the wolves of care.

So let me come home at night to rest
With those who know I have done my best;
Let the wife rejoice and my children smile,
And I'll know by their love that I am worth while,
For this is conquest and world success—
A home where abideth happiness.



Where the Children Meet

There's a little house on a humble street,
With a little porch where the children meet,
And when school is out
You can hear them shout,
An army glad, as they race about;
To horn and drum
They boldly come,
And they tramp the grass till it's brown and bare
And the passers-by
With a careful eye
Must watch for the wagons rolling there.

Now many a house on this street is prim,
With a grass plot neat and the windows trim,



And a lovely sight
Is the garden bright,
But it's all too fine for a paper fight;
So the children go
To a place they know,
Where the maid won't fly to the door and say:
"Get out in the street
With your dirty feet!
Don't you know that I washed that porch to-day?"

There is always a house on every street
That is known as the place where the children meet.
You can pick it out
As you walk about,
For it's there that the youngsters laugh and shout;
And the grass is bare
And the toys are there
And the wire fence sags where the lads have swung,



And the paint is nicked
Where their feet have kicked
And a window shows where a ball was flung.

And I think as I walk on that humble street,
Let mine be the house where the children meet;
 Let mine be the place
 Where they romp and race,
I can open that door with a smiling face.
 Let this army tramp
 In my yard, and camp
So long as they will, for the years roll on
 And the day draws near
 When the silence here
Will tell to the world that our babes have gone.



Home-Hunger

I need the sight of a friendly spire
To cure the longing that troubles me,
The old-familiar maple tree,
The curling smoke of a cheerful fire,
The little street of my heart's desire.

There are merry eyes that I soon must see,
I must take the children upon my knee,
For kisses can't come by the mail or wire.

Oh, the wanderer wearies in time of smiles
Of men and women who come and go,
And though he walk where rich roses grow,
His heart goes traveling back the miles
To the little place where his loved ones wait,
And he yearns for the joys at his humble gate.



What Home's Intended For

When the young folks gather 'round in the good old-fashioned way,

Singin' all the latest songs gathered from the newest play,

Or they start the phonograph an' shove the chairs back to the wall

An' hold a little party dance, I'm happiest of all.

Then I sorter settle back, plumb contented to the core,
An' I tell myself most proudly, that's what home's intended for.

When the laughter's gaily ringin' an' the room is filled with song,

I like to sit an' watch 'em, all that glad an' merry throng,



For the ragtime they are playin' on the old piano there
Beats any high-toned music where the bright lights
 shine an' glare,
An' the racket they are makin' stirs my pulses more and
 more,
So I whisper in my gladness: that's what home's in-
 tended for.

Then I smile an' say to Mother, "Let 'em move the
 chairs about,
Let 'em frolic in the parlor, let 'em shove the tables out,
Jus' so long as they are near us, jus' so long as they will
 stay
By the fireplace we are keepin', harm will never come
 their way,
An' you'll never hear me grumble at the bills that keep
 me poor,
It's the finest part o' livin'—that's what home's in-
 tended for."



At Home

I do not want to see the sights,
I do not care about Japan,
Or Italy's romantic nights;
A fig! say I, for Hindustan.
Great wonders 'round the world may be,
But still I do not care to roam;
I find there's joy enough for me
Here in the little place called home.

Let him who will, take train or ship
And smile as he is outward bound,
I do not envy him his trip,
Though he may fare the world around;
I have no wish to stand and gaze
Wild-eyed at some cathedral dome;



I merely want to live my days
Here in the little place called home.

New scenes? I crave them not at all!
New faces? Better far the old!
This humble roof and modest wall
The treasures of a lifetime hold;
Here is a sweeter rest than that
They find who brave the ocean's foam,
And for all time I'd hang my hat
Here in the little place called home.

Travel, you wanderer, if you will,
And see the splendors of the earth;
No distant journeying can fill
This heart of mine with honest mirth;
Peace and contentment, day by day,
Come with the sunset and the gloam,
And to the end of time I'd stay
Here in the little place called home.



Building a Home

Buildin' a home! Well, I reckon that's fun,
Because it's a job that you never get done;
For after the plannin' an' worryin' an' fuss
An' the carpenters quit an' you clean up the muss,
An' the buildin' is finished from cellar to dome
You've got to get busy an' make it a home.

Home must be built out o' laughter an' tears,
It's got to be aged by the passin' of years;
It's got to be perfumed by memories sweet
An' carelessly raced through by glad little feet,
An' though mother may fret some when company calls,
There's got to be thumb marks all over the walls.

It's a job you can't hurry or do to a plan—
Home isn't built to the whim of a man.



The Lord takes a hand long before you are through
In buildin' an' shapin' the dwellin' for you; →
'He comes to a place that is faded an' worn,
An' it glows as the room where the baby was born,

You may guard it from danger as much as you will,
But sorrow and grief shall come into it still;
An' you shall discover when weepin' is o'er,
The old home is dearer to you than before;
There will linger about it the memories rare
Of the wonderful spirit that used to be there.

Buildin' a home! Well, I reckon that's fun,
Because it's a job that you never get done.
Each day brings its changes of gladness or woe,
'Till dearer an' richer to you it must grow.
So fill it with lovin' an' laughter an' tears
Until as the home of your souls it appears.



The Happy Home

A happy home—how shall it be attained?
Not by the way the wood is carved and stained,
Not by the polished mantel or the stair,
Not by the treasures safely sheltered there,
But by the joys, the laughter and the din
Which those who cross its threshold carry in.

Glad hearts which wake to greet the morning sun
Make fair the work the builder's hand has done,
And dark these rooms and gloomy all the while
Unless some face shall light them with a smile;
Silent these walls and solemn everything
If no one here a merry song shall sing.

Think you a house has stored within itself,
Like bottled olives on the pantry shelf,



The joys you need and sigh for day by day?
Do you expect the painted walls to play?
If with delight you'd set this home aglow,
You who abide herein must make it so.

Welcome the friends who gladly come to call,
Cherish the children racing through the hall,
Here let their laughter ring, that none may say
That he is happier when he's away.
If from this house contentment you would win,
Fling wide the door and let contentment in.



The Spirit of the Home

Dishes to wash and clothes to mend,
And always another meal to plan;

Never the tasks of a mother end,
And oh, so early her day began!
Floors to sweep and the pies to bake,
And chairs to dust and the beds to make.

Oh, the home is fair when you come at night,
And the meal is good and the children gay,
And the kettle sings in its glad delight,
And the mother smiles in her gentle way;
So great her love that you seldom see
Or catch a hint of the drudgery.

Home, you say, when the day is done,
Home to comfort and peace and rest,



Home, where the children romp and run,

There is the place that you love the best!
Yet what would the home be like if you
Had all of its endless tasks to do?

Would it be home if she were not there,

Brave and gentle and fond and true?
Could you so fragrant a meal prepare?

Could you the numberless duties do?
What were the home that you love so much,
Lacking her presence and gracious touch?

She is the spirit of all that's fair,

She is the home that you think you build,
She is the beauty you dream of there,

She is the laughter with which it's filled—
She, with her love and her gentle smile,
Is all that maketh the home worth while.



Home for Christmas

Home for Christmas! There's a joy
For the weary, grown up boy,
Or the little girl who now
Feels the years upon her brow!
Home for Christmas! Back once more
To the mother at the door,
And the old hearth with its blaze
And those happy yesterdays.

Home for Christmas! There's a thrill
For the toiler up the hill,
For the trudger on the road,
Heart sick with his heavy load.
Home for Christmas! Back to be
Once again at mother's knee,



And to feel her fond caress
In that spell of happiness.

Home for Christmas! Girl and lad
Going to the kindly dad,
Who has waited through the year
For his loved ones to appear.
Home for Christmas! Back again
To the simple joys and plain;
To the refuge sweet with rest,
Where is love made manifest.

Home for Christmas! Oh, that I
Could recall the years gone by,
And could know once more the bliss
Of that glorious welcome kiss.
Home for Christmas! Girl and man
Claim that gladness while you can.
Swift must come those years of pain
When you'll long for home in vain.



The Little House

A little house with laughter in it,
A singing kettle and a fire,
A tree where nests the summer linnet,
What more can any man desire?

A sheltering roof with peace below it,
A door which every friend may pass,
A shelf of books for sage and poet,
What more can any man amass?

A garden with the roses gleaming,
A few glad toys upon the floor,
A big arm chair for happy dreaming,
The richest man can have no more.

A child upon your knee, and maybe
On the rug a dog or cat,
Then add to this a dimpled baby,
And who has greater wealth than that?



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